

Listening Machines for the Deaf

Sound Magnifiers Invented
by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act
Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines?
They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they
are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they
are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are
to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as
glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off
them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They
can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute,
just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, be-
cause they are ventilated, and so soft

in the ear holes they are not
felt even when the head rests
on the pillow. They also pro-
tect any raw inner parts of
the ear from wind, or cold,
dust, or sudden and piercing
sounds.

The principal of these
little telephones is to make it
as practical for a deaf
person to hear
weak sounds as
spectacles make
it easy to read
fine print. And,
the longer one
wears them the
better his hear-
ing grows, be-
cause they rest
up and strength-
en the ear nerves. To rest
weak ear from straining is
like resting a strained wrist
from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear
Nerves by making the sounds louder,
so it is easy to understand without
trying and straining. They make
Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because
such people can talk with their friends without the
friends having to shout back at them. They can hear
without straining. It is the straining that puts such
a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike
hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead
of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It
thus makes the center of the human ear drum
vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck
the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear
drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves.
When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much
we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times
as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, burning
noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken
ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and
cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the
case), by the use of these comfortable little ear-
resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they
are made, and has printed in it letters from hun-
dreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph
Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and
Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who
were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book.
They tell how their hearing was brought back to
them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's
Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you,
and be well known to you. What they have to say is
mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving
225,000 Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you
if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't
put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while
you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

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and speedy cure. Send for free pamphlet.

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hear any more?" he broke off to ask
"No," said Lalia. "What's the use?
"Tall, experienced and thirty—that
throws me out."

"Well, here's another from a man
down in Pennsylvania. He wants a
teacher, no age specified, no experience
required."

"Good! I'll apply!" exclaimed Lalia.
"But wait," interrupted Romney.
"He is emphatic on one point: she must
be plain and unattractive to men."

"I can apply then, I can!" urged Lalia
in unaffected excitement. "What kind
of school is it?"

"A boys' boarding-school—" Romney
laid the letter aside with an air of finality—
"which educates rather old boys, I under-
stand." Then looking at Lalia quietly,
he added: "I didn't dare risk your
photograph in answer to such a require-
ment."

"Oh!" said Lalia again, and blushed.
She drew off her cap and smoothed it.
She forgot her hair, which ran riot over
her forehead and ears, as tousled as a
child's. Her blue eyes dwelt on her cap,
and there was just the suspicion of a catch
in her voice as she said: "I doubt that
I can secure a position at all."

"That governess place," ventured Pro-
fessor Romney—"seems to me it would
be pleasant."

"Not yet," said Lalia decidedly. "I
want a class-room. I know I could fill it
better than anyone imagines. I believe
I'm bigger in thought than in—form,"
and the catch in her voice was distinct.

"I know that you are," agreed Pro-
fessor Faulks gently.

"Perhaps," began Lalia hesitatingly,
creasing her cap. She intended speaking
of an idea which had engrossed her of
late—"perhaps if I was given an oppor-
tunity for a personal interview I could
make a better impression than my pho-
tograph does." She looked up wistfully.

Romney was looking steadfastly out
of the window. "Principals often come
here for the purpose of personal inter-
views. You shall have the opportunity
you wish, Miss Bart."

It was June before Faulks redeemed
his promise. Nearly all the seniors, both
men and women, had secured positions
in their chosen walks of life. Lalia, now
grave of face, was still searching.

Finally there was a ray of hope.
Belle Gilbert burst into her room in
haste, crying: "Oh, Lalia, Professor
Faulks wants you up in his office right
away. Principal Dean of the Rider
Seminary is there, and professor wants
you to interview him."

"Belle!" cried Lalia "Just as I am?"
"Just as you are!" echoed Belle.
"You never looked sweeter, you little
dear, in that white suit and your hair
all wavy. I wish I could look half as
bewitching."

The speech, enthusiastic and truth-
ful, fell on deaf ears. "And you have
secured such a fine position!" was all the
response Belle got.

The appearance in the office door a
few moments later of a little white-clad
woman created widely differing sensa-
tions in the breasts of the two men en-
gaged in earnest conversation there.
The principal cleared his throat and
stared. The professor's face softened,
and his eyes smiled.

"Is—ah—did I understand you to
say that Miss Bart was an applicant for
the position?" the former asked awk-
wardly after the three were seated.

"Yes," interposed Romney quickly,
"and I believe she will make a good
teacher, too. She will honor the position."

Lalia turned grateful eyes on Professor
Faulks. "Yes, I am an applicant," she
said, her armor of dignity carefully
buckled on. But beneath the armor her
heart sank, for she saw in the principal's
face his objections to her size and girl-
ish appearance.

Finally he gave an embarrassed laugh
and said awkwardly: "If only you ap-
peared older, Miss Bart, and were larger
—why, people would be mistaking you
for our youngest freshman, I fear."

After that Lalia closed the interview
herself. Her heart was like lead. She
had failed under the most auspicious
circumstances, with Professor Faulks to
champion her cause.

She left the office and stumbled blindly
up the hill on the back campus. She
did not want to face the girls at the
chapter-house with her eyes in that con-
dition. She pulled her white "sailor" low
over her face and hurried along, but not
so fast as some one who strode after her.

"Miss Bart!" called Professor Faulks'
voice. "Miss Bart!" and Lalia paused,
bending her head still lower.

Romney joined her, and the two walked
on a moment in silence. Then Lalia
raised her eyes bravely and said with as
much cheerfulness as she could sum-
mon: "Now, Professor Faulks, I'm
ready to hear about that governess
position."

Faulks kicked a pebble ahead of them
on the walk and thought a moment.
"Are you sure it has come to that pass
with you?" he asked in an odd voice.
His brows were drawn together, and he
followed that pebble carefully.

"It has come to that, yes," confessed
Lalia. "There are no places for little
people in the world—little women at
least."

"Indeed there are!" Romney spoke
impulsively, eagerly. "There are the
largest and most important of positions!"

Lalia checked him wearily. "It is
kind of you to say so. You have been
so kind and thoughtful with me all the
year. I thank you; but now—this
governess place—is it still open?"

"As open," spoke Romney promptly,
"as it was when I first spoke to you
about it."

"Has not the agency tried to fill it?"
she asked wonderingly.

"None of the agency knew of it except
myself, and I reserved it for you, as your
last resort."

"Thank you," said Lalia softly, look-
ing across the green hillside. "Tell me
about it. Is it a girl that's to be tu-
tored?"

"No, it's a boy."

"Is he a big boy? As big as I?"

"Yes, much larger."

Lalia brought her eyes back from the
hillside and stopped. "Can I ever com-
mand his respect?" she asked in despair.

"Can I ever win him?"

"You have won him already," said
Romney quickly. His voice was low,
and his eyes brimmed over with an ex-
pression which opened Lalia's wide.

"That's the reason I kept the place open
for you. He's a clumsy boy; but he's
anxious to learn—from you. Do you
understand, little lady, sweet little
lady?"

It was a bewildered little woman who
walked beside him, a little woman who
began to see that all the happiness in
life did not lie in treading an unusually
high platform before a roomful of stu-
dents; but this she did not tell Romney
—just then. She merely said, at the foot
of the campus, and there was a trace of
mischief in her voice:

"You may send your recommenda-
tions—and photograph—to my mother,
please, and let her judge of the desir-
ability of the position."

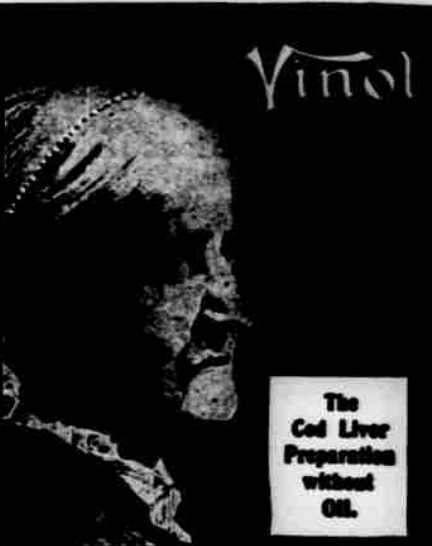
PHYSICIAN AND NOVELIST

A LAWYER and a physician of Philadelphia,
the latter also a novelist of considerable
note, were once discussing the question of
earnings at the bar and in literature, the law-
yer contending that literature afforded little
encouragement to a man who desired to make
money.

"Well," said the physician. "I should call
no novelist poor who could, as I can, double
his income at any moment."

"And how?" asked the lawyer.

"By laying down my pen," smilingly re-
plied the physician.



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